

Mating Season

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Characters:

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Mating Season

by [MrsAlot](#)

Summary

The Rescue bot are acting strange. the Burns wont believe the reason why. Under Ratchets orders Team Prime lend a helping hand to the suffering bots.

Notes

lol... i've had this sitting on my computer for an age. needed a brake form Dark Gift so thought id play around with this.

enjoy.

Bafflement and Breakfast

“Hay, have any of you guys notice your bots acting... a little wired lately?” Dani asked suddenly looking up from her bowl of muesli. It was early morning and most of the family were at the table eating breakfast before their day’s work started. The three present Burns males looked at her with some concern. Cody had yet to appear for his morning meal.

“When you say wired, you mean...?” Graham probed for more information, waving his spoon in the air. Dani pursed her lips as she mulled over her words.

“I mean... Well, I don’t know! Maybe I’m just imagining things, but... Blades has just been acting... a little off lately. He’s been complaining for the past couple of days that he’s really hot. Been really fidgety and really over energized. He’s actually been eager to go flying. And fly really fast.”

“That is wired for Blades.” Kade agreed as he munched on his toast. “Well now that you mention it, Boulder did say something about feeling uncomfortably warm the other day.” The engineer frowned. “I thought it was just due to us being out in the sun all day. You all know how their metal just SOAKS up heat.” Graham shrugged, before adding somewhat tentatively. “And... I guess, he has been acting... I wanna use the word... broody.”

“Broody?” Chief repeated in surprise, thankful he hadn’t just taken a sip of his tea. That was not a word he’d thought would ever be used when it came to describe one of the bots. His middle son just nodded. “Yeah... he kept looking at the park with the kids... and every time a baby went past he got this, wired... look on his face. Like he just wanted to hold them. Didn’t anyone else notice that he’s been cleaning nearly every inch of the bunker over the past few days?”

“I was kinda wondering why everything was looking so sparkly clean.” Dani mused.

"I'm pretty sure you could eat of the floor in the bunker now." Graham said. "And yesterday... I found he'd kinda... made a 'nest' yesterday out of sheeting and tarpaulin."
"A nest?" the young red head repeated with an amused smirk.
"It's the most accurate word I can come up with!" the younger brother defended, his sibling just shook his head and chuckled at the thought of a bot in a giant bird nest.

"Kade? Have you noticed a change in Heatwave?" Chief asked, turning to his eldest. The Fireman's amused grin dropped a little. He looked deep in thought for a moment as he mindlessly stirred his spoon in his soggy cereal.
"Ugh... yeah actually." He admitted slowly. "Yeah... Waves... Been a little off too."
"How?" The policeman was starting to see a pattern. A strange one he didn't understand, but he needed as much information as possible to at least try and make sense as to what was happening... and what the situation it may cause...

"Same thing really. Saying he's feeling hot. He keeps spraying himself with water to cool down and..." The redhead shrugged, trailing off... looking distinctly uncomfortable.
"And what else son?" The chief pressed gently. Kade looked like he really didn't want to say. But eventually spoke up.
"He kinda... broke down on me yesterday." He said quietly.
"What? He got a flat tyre?" Graham asked with a puzzled look. The red head shot his brother a look.

"No! I mean... emotionally." Kade shifted uneasily in his seat, clearly troubled by what had happened. The oldest sibling was not good at dealing with his own feelings, let alone someone else's. "Like, one moment he was fine! Were ragging on each other like normal! Heatwaves his normal sourpuss self, than the next thing I know! He's sat on the curb with his head in his hands... literally sobbing because he thinks I don't like him!" There was a brief pause. Everyone not quite believing what they had just heard, waiting to see if Kade was just pulling their legs. But the look on Kade's face told them that the incident had happened and was no joke.

"You're kidding me?" Dani gawped, none of the Burns' could quite believe that strong and sturdy Heatwave would ever cry so openly... especially in front of Kade.

"I wish I was! The firefighter cried. "I had to spend the next ten minutes telling him why I DID like him. That was, needless to say... really awkward..."

"You know... I kinda wish I'd been around to witness that." Dani smirked, their younger brother chuckled a little as Kade sent them both a scathing look.

"Oh yeah, it was really funny. It totally freaked me out!" The young man grumbled.

"I hate to say it... I'm sensing a disturbing pattern here." Chief murmured, tapping his mug gently in thought. "Chase asked me to hose him down yesterday because he was feeling hot... and like Blades, he's been unusually fidgety. Normally we can sit in the same spot for hours. Speed trap duty is one of his favourite things to do, but yesterday... couldn't keep him still for more than five minutes."

"What do you think's going on?" Dani asked the group, looking round, hopeful that one of them would have an idea. Unfortunately, no one seemed to have any more answers than her.

"I don't know." Chief huffed a grate sigh. "Let's all just keep a closer eye on them for now. But, knowing our luck... if it IS something we need to worry about, it's gonna come out sooner rather than later."

"DAD!" Cody yelled, though his com. Device as if on cue. Panic clear in the young boy's voice.

"Aaaaand there we go..." Kade called already getting to his feet.

"What is it Cody?" Chief answered quickly.

"Dad! Yu gonna come down here! There's something really, really wrong with the bots!" The family immediately abandoned the breakfast table. One after another they used the fire pole to get down to the bunker as quickly as possible. The rescue workers silently preparing themselves for what-ever waited for them down below.

Panic and Surprise

Chapter Summary

the burns find their bots in a horrible state, there's only one person they can call.

Chapter Notes

i'm surprised how quickly this is coming.... but then... i have had most of this written for a while now...

thanks you all so much for the positive feedback! its nice to see the Rescue bot fandom is still out here! ;)

i have literally just started watching RB:A (cuz its on netflix) and it just rekindled my love for these goofballs allover again.

i always loved the face that RB was part of the aliened continuity! any excuse to mix my two fave teams together!

“Oh my god!” Dani gasped, when her feet hit the floor of the bunker. All of the Burns family were shook to the core by the distressing sight before them. Nothing could of prepared them for what greeted them.

The four mechs were dotted around the bunker in a variety of positions and in states of unknown affliction.

Blades was curled up in a tight ball, whimpering softly. His rotor blades quivering with each shuddering vent. Boulder was partly propped up by the book case in his ‘nest’, stretched out, venting heavily. His orange optics overly bright and unfocused as he stared out absently into space. Chase was on his hands and knees, body low, his face hidden in the crook of his arm as he pawed at the floor. Deep groves already dug into the concrete. The police bot mumbling incoherently in a weak and wavering tone. Heatwave was sprawled flat on his back, his frame shaking violently. The heals of his servos covering his optic.

“Heatwave!” Kade yelled, the first to brake out of his shock and run to his partner. His family following suite. “Oh my god! Wave! What the hell happened?! Are you alright?!”

“K-ka-de...” The red mech stammered, he didn’t remove his servos from his face, but did turn his head slightly to where the humans voice came from.

“Aw hell! Why didn’t you say something was wrong buddy?” Kade asked, placing a hand on the bots servo, the aliens metal was scorching hot. Almost too much for the human to touch.

“I... d-idn’t... th-ink... th-ere wa-s...” The downed rescue bot bit out between shudders.

“It hurts Dani... It hurts so much...” Blades soft voice trembled.

“Oh sweetheart.” The young woman was on the verge of tears, seeing her much loved partner in so much pain. She reached out and gently stroked his abnormally warm helm, offering what comfort she could.

“Boulder...” Graham was lost for words as he looked at his friend with worried eyes. He rested his hand gently on the Cybertronians, but the green bot didn’t even seem to register there was anyone else in the room, let alone touching him.

“It’s okay Chase,” Chief said, crouching down to try and asses the mech, using his most reassuring and soothing fatherly tone. “I’m here partner...” The policeman was at a complete loss.

“Dad! What’s wrong with them?” Cody asked, anguish clear in his voice and face. “What are we going to do?”

“I don’t know son.” The chief said, racking his brain, desperate for an answer and solution.

“Heatwave, what can we do?!” Kade cried, anguish clear on his face. Despite their openly antagonistic relationship, the pair had formed an undeniable bond and cared for each other greatly. It was heart breaking for the fireman to see his strong partner in such a distressed state and feel so utterly helpless. “Do you need those medicine patches thingies?” The fireman asked. Surprising the other humans with his quick thinking. But the Rescue bot only shook his helm slowly.

“Nn-no... Not... no-go-od... Op-tim-us... call... n-eed... me-dic... need... Ra-ratc-” Heatwave struggled to get the words out before he whimpered in what sounded like pain. His back arching and he grit his denta so hard it caused sparks, startling the humans. “Cody, stay with Chase, I’m going to call Optimus!” Chief said as he ran up to the bots communications array.

“It’s okay Chase. You’re gonna be okay...” The young boy said softly, stoking the bots arm. “You’re all gonna be okay...” The blond human was trying to reassure himself as much as the hurting mech by his side. If the police bot herd him, he made no indication. Only continued his mutterings in a language they couldn’t understand. Moments later the senior Burns jogged back into the room.

“Dad, did you manage to get though?” Graham asked, knowing how hard it was to reach Prime at times. There was no telling what the other Autobots were caught up in, or if anyone was at their base at all. He feared the worst. Some relief was felt by all when the chief nodded.

“Luckily. Optimus said he was sending his medic over immediately.”

“But how long will that take?” Dani questioned as she tenderly stroked the helicopters face.

“It’s gonna take too long!” Kade growled in frustration. “Optimus base is like, half way across the country! There is no way their medic is going to get here in any time soon!”

But the frantic discussion cut short and the family of hero’s were startled by strange, loud, warping sound. There was a blinding flash of white and an almighty, ear-splitting crack. Green light filled the room, bursting forth before quickly forming into a huge, spiralling disc of pulsing energy. A soft continuous humming echoed throughout the bunker. The burns family had seen may strange things living and working on their island home... but none of them had seen anything like this.

“What the-!” Chief cried, shielding his eyes from the glare, catching

himself before any profanity slipped through.

“Holy crap!” Kade gawped, looking at the thing that had appeared in the vast room. “What is that thing?!”

“It’s some kind of-of energy portal!” Graham said, not knowing whether to be intrigued or afraid.

“Doc... this really is not the time for one of your haywire experiments.” Dani grumbled, hugging Blades protectively, ready to shield him from any threat that may emerge.

“Be on your guard team.” Chief Burns said warningly.

The humans waited, each ready to spring into action should anything come through that meant to do them harm. Ready to defend their home and family. Each of them prepared to protect their incapacitated bots with everything they had.

Out of the swirling vortex a single, large figure stepped out. A mech as tall as Heatwave and as broad as Boulder. He bore white armour that eerily reflected the pulsing green light behind him. The bots body was highlighted with a vivid scarlet and his helm decorated with an impressive chevron. His silver face, lined and stern looking. A pair of piercing, turquoise, optics took in the room with a quick calculating gaze as the portal disappeared with a loud snap and fizzle.

“I’m Ratchet, Autobot CMO.” The mech announced. “Don’t be afraid. I’m here to help.”

Clicks and Whistles

Chapter Summary

Ratchet examines the rescue Bots to discover what's wrong...

Chapter Notes

wow! can't believe how well this is going down! Thanks for all the love guys! much appreciated! XXXX

"I apologise for not warning you about the ground bridge. I thought under the circumstances it was best if I bridged straight here." The red and white mech said briskly as he strode over to the closest downed rescue bot. Blades whimpered, looking up at the mech as he knelt down. The helicopters optics were bright and pleading. Dani cooed softly at her partner, but she kept a wary eye on the large mech as he began to take medical readings.

The humans were all left a little stunned as they watched the newcomer who had literally just pooped in out of nowhere. As if traveling through spinning green portals were a regular day to day occurrence for him. But then, he was a giant alien robot... So it probably was. Luckily, the family of hero's recognized the name. Their partners and Optimus had mentioned the Autobot chief medical officer a number of times. They and the Prime had always spoken of the medic with high if not reverent regard.

"How did you--what was that?" Graham asked, despite the grave situation, his innate curiosity was peeked.

"I assume you are asking how I got here?" Ratchet said as he moved over to Boulders side to take his readings. The bulldozer let out a shuddering ex-vent and some coherence returning to his gaze when the doctor touched him. "It was simply a ground bridge. It allows us to travel to anywhere on the planet with almost instantaneous ease." The medic said off handly, clearly wanting to focused on his patients. "We have gotta get us one of those." Kade proclaimed loudly, wild possibilities of such a thing racing through his head.

“Regardless of how you got here, thank you for coming so quickly.” Chief said, gratitude clear in his voice. Ratchet gave him a single nod as he crouched down to examine the police bot. Chase groaned and seemed to lean closer to the medic. His incessant mumbling becoming softer in his presents.

“How long have they been like this?” Ratchet asked as he ran his tests. “We don’t know. Cody found them like this not long ago.” The oldest Burns said. “First thing we did was call was call you.”

“Have there been any precursing symptoms? Purging? Leaking? Random shut downs?” The doctor listed.

“They’ve all been complaining about being hot. Restlessness, mood swings. Dose excessive cleaning count?” Chief replied. “It’s been happening over the past few days. We only just picked up on it as odd behaviour.” Ratchet made a curious sound, a contemplative expression on his silver face. Clearly mulling over all of the information he was gathering. The white mech left Chase and went to take his last set of reading from the rescue bot team leader.

Ratchet knelt beside Heatwave, placing his servo on his helm. Kade was startled back when his partner suddenly let out a series of strange, soft clicks and whistles. Ratchet paused in his data taking and regarded the fire truck with a calculating gaze. Then to the surprise of the organics... responded in kind with his own. Heatwave groaned and made a long string of clicks and rumbles, his servo coming away from his face to grope at the medic’s arm. Ratchet frowned deeply, looked over to the rest of the mechs and made a few more whistles, loud enough for them all to hear. Each of the rescue bots responded, with purrs, clicks and whistles of their own.

“Hun...” Ratchet hummed turning back to the red bot. Then in a move that did not seem at all professional, placed his servo between the fire trucks legs, resting his palm against the under-plating.

“Whoa! Whoa! Dude! Whadaya think you’re doing?!” Kade yelled defensively, feeling that his partner was being violated. “Get yer’ hand offa him!” He cried in outrage, wanting to protect his robotic partner. But his anger died when Heatwave let out a long throaty moan, his thighs coming together to trap the medic’s hand as he arched his back off the ground.

“Heatwave!” The fireman squeaked in scandalized shock, his cheeks turning bright red at the very suggestive movements. It was a blatant enough display it made all the older humans uncomfortable.

“Chief, are all your children of age?” Ratchet asked, actually having to fight to remove his hand from between the trucks thighs.

“Ugh, no w-”

“Then I ask that the young leave, this predicament is of an... mature nature.” He said briskly, his tone leaving no indication for argument. Understanding quickly enough, the policeman turned to his blond haired boy.

“Dad! I don’t wanna leave! I wanna help!” Cody cried out, already knowing what his farther was going to say. “I can’t leave while they are like this...” The young boy said, his expression sorrowful as he gently stoked Chase’s quivering arm. The chief was about to say something, but Ratchet beat him too it.

“I can assure you, young one, that once we give them what they need, they will all be perfectly fine. They know you would not abandon them in a moment of need. But this is a very delicate matter which I can safely say your sire does not want you to hear about. I am also pretty sure that they wouldn’t want you hearing of this either. So for them, the best thing you can do is leave and let us help them.” Ratchet said as he stood, his tone kind but firm and full of authority, leaving no room for argument “I need to make a call to Omega base to make arrangements... I will explain everything when I am finished.... and the boy is gone.” Ratchet said briskly, he turned and retreated to the corner of the room to contact his own team.

“Dad?” Cody Looked up at his farther, his eye’s beseeching him to overrule the mech and let him stay.

“Go on now, son. Listen to the doctor.” Chief said, a comforting reassuring hand on his shoulder. “Why don’t you go over to Frankies? I’ll call you when we know what’s happening.”

“But Da-” Cody started to protest. But the policeman cut him off quickly.

“No buts son, Not this time. We have to do what’s best for them and if

their doctor says you should leave, we will do as he says.”

Cody hung his head, shoulders slumping as nodded sadly, he cast a last distressed look around at his robotic friends before sprinting off to the elevator.

“Go up with him Dani, make sure he’s left.” The chief ordered, knowing that his youngest son may very well try to sneak back when he believed the cost was clear. The young woman gave a nod and chased after her brother.

The human males were left, offering what little comfort they could to their partners. Still with no clear answers as to what the hell was going on. Confusion gnawing in the pits of their stomachs and now left with only more questions.

Explanations and Accusations

Chapter Summary

Cybertronion Heat Cycles 101

Chapter Notes

Lol, i started this fic to take a brake form Dark Gift and... find myself working on the same subject i took a break from, Lol

i an curious... if you guys wanted another fic, would you be interested in more HW/Kade? A bit of Chase/Chief? or a bit of Robo-human family bonding?

hope you guys are still enjoying.

The Autobot medic was still talking quietly down his comm when Dani returned 10 minutes later.

“I saw Cody off, I made sure he wasn’t going to try and sneak back.” She called out to her dad as she went to her bots side. The copter whimpered, softly, his servo reaching out to tug weakly on her jumpsuit leg. Worrrying the fabric between his servos like a child would do to a comfort blanket. The young woman looked to be on the verge of tears again as she petted his helm gently and whispered reassuring words to him. It wasn’t long before Ratchet ended his call and returned his attention back to the humans.

“So what’s wrong with them doctor?” Chief Burns asked, wanted to know what was happening to his team.

“And why the hell were you touching Heatwave like that?!” Kade growled angrily up at the massive alien mech. If the situation were less serious, the rest of the family would have been amused at the red heads protectiveness of his robotic partner. As it was, they were all just as concerned with the medic’s actions... and Heatwave enthusiastic reaction. But Ratchet didn’t seem at all phased by the little human’s anger. If anything, he just looked tired and a little stressed as he rubbed at his nasal ridge.

"I do apologise for that. It was a crude, but conclusive test to confirm my diagnosis." The medic said, resting his hands on his hips.

"Which is what?" Graham asked. The medic took a moment to mull over how best to explain the situation, his silver lips plates pursed briefly in thought before he answered.

"This may be hard for you to understand. They are not 'sick' per-say and are not in any immediate danger. But it is lucky you called when you did, if you'd tried to handle this on your own, they would have been in serious trouble."

"Then what's wrong!" Kade demanded, getting frustrated. Just wanting to know what was happening to his partner.

"They are in grip of an intense heat cycle. The most server cases I've ever seen. Most likely it's from them being in stasis for so long."

Ratchet answered.

"A heat cycle?" Graham repeated, his engineers brain gears turning, trying to understand.

"So what? Their just... overheating?" Kade frowned. Ratchet let out a particularly disgusted sigh of irritation. He just knew this was going to be a difficult and conversation he'd rather not have with humans. But he did thank Primus that these were at least adult humans... He'd dreaded to think how he'd trying to explain this situation to team Primes younger charges.

"We Cybertronians go through regular breeding cycles to insure a stable increase in our population." He explained slowly. "Once every hundred of our years or so, an uncontrollable need to mate and become sparked takes over. It's is unavoidable and deeply imbedded in every Cybertronians basic core programming. It causes a constant, unrelenting energy build up in a bot's systems. An energy charge that can only be dispelled through rigorous and frequent interfacing. The overloads safely discharge the potentially harmful excess energy. The end result is ideally the formation and carrying of a sparkling. Or... as you humans would say, becoming pregnant and having a child."

Ratchet clarified, only to look down and see a four slack jawed and stunned human faces staring back up at him.

“Breeding?!” Dani cried out, torn between being horrified and fascinated. “Babies?! You have Babies?!”

“And Sex! You’re talking about sex?!” Kade spluttered, as his voice caught up with the racing mind. A deep red colour spread over his cheeks.

“That is what you humans call it.” Ratchet nodded nonchalantly, quietly amused at the reactions he was garnering.

“Now I know why you wanted Cody gone.” Chief muttered, closing his eye’s and rubbing at his temples. He never would have imagined he’d have to deal with this today... or in fact, any day... ever.

“You guys,” The fireman cried, waving his pointed fingers around the room at the mechs. “Can have sex?!”

“Our bodies are fully interlocking, yes.” Ratchet confirmed, a twitch of a smirk on his face.

“So... your saying... Our bots are all just... horny and need to... get laid?” Graham said awkwardly, the simple words feeling almost too complicated for him to speak. But that was mostly due to sheer embarrassment.

“Essentially yes,” Ratchet said slowly. “But It is not that simple. As I said, if not properly attended to, it causes a dangerous energy build up. The feedback is very painful and damaging to our systems. That is why the drive is so strong, it’s a self-preservation mechanism. It compels us to find partners to mate with and alleviate the charge that builds up before it gets to that critical point.”

“But then... Why are they like this? They can barely move. Is this normal?” Graham asked, petting Boulders servo. Ratchet shook his white and red helm.

“No, this is not. Usually, when going through this, we are fully competent and can easily make our situation known to others and take appropriate steps. But I fear that after having been in stasis for over 4 million years, it has interfered with their natural cycles. So now its caught up with them and they are experiencing a very sudden and very acute, intense heat. It’s hit them hard and fast.” The medic shook his head again. “I’m quite surprised this hasn’t happened sooner. I did warn them to monitor themselves for early signals.” Ratchet vented out deeply, “But then, of course, young bots do not listen.”

“So, what do we do now?” Chief Burns asked, eager for a solution. “You don’t do anything.” Ratchet said curtly. “I have contacted Optimus and the others at Omega base. Preparations are being made to accommodate them as we speak. Our team will collect them and shall see that their needs are met.”

“Which means what exactly?” Graham asked slowly, but already guessing what the robotic medic meant.

“The simplest, time honoured and most effective treatment.” Ratchet said with a shrug of a large armoured shoulder. “Fulfil the basic requirements of the heat by providing them with interfacing partners in a safe environment.”

When he was met with another barrage of blank, no quite understanding squishy faces, Ratchet took a long deep invent, shuttering his optics. Trying to stave off the processor ach he really didn’t need right now.

“We will take them and see to it that they ‘get laid’, as you so poetically put it.” Ratchet spelled out for them. The human males remained silent as they processed all what was said and what was apparently going to happen. The only female in the room had something else to say about it.

“You can not be serious!” Dani yelled out, anger clear in her voice. “I can assure you, I would not joke about my patient’s health.” Ratchet said a little snippily.

“Am I the only one here that has a problem with just handing them over so they can... can... BE USED?!” She cried, looking at her family before shooting daggers at the white and red mech as she wrapped protective arms around her partner. “You don’t expect us to agree to this?! It’s not going to happen!” She roared.

“We will not be using them,” Ratchet said with a puzzled frown.

“They will be using us.”

“Look at them!” The pilot yelled. “They are hardly in any condition to be using anyone! They can’t give consent to any of this! Boulders

completely clocked out! Chase is speaking in tongues! Heatwaves a freaking mess and Blades is—" She looked back at the helicopter, who shook and whimpered, holding her leg gently like a child clinging to its mother. Her rage finally reaching its boiling point as she snapped up at the doctor. "This just sound like rape with ridiculous technobabble justification! How do we know you're even telling the truth?!"

The Burns males shrunk back from the venom and fury of the woman, that nasty word conjuring up horrible connotations and images they did not want to think about. Making them all second guess the situation they found themselves in. Was that really what was happening? Was this whole thing just some kind of socially accepted form of violation on their world? Surely that could not be the case...

Ratchets face darkened for a moment, insulted and outraged that this tiny creature, who's entire species had only been in existence for not even a blip in the grand timeline of the universe; was not only questioning his medical judgment and ethics, but his entire species and their culture. For the umpteenth time that day, the medic took a steadying in-vent and exhaled in a long puff of hot air. Primus help him.

The Autobot CMO listened to the inner Optimus in his mind. Patience, old friend. She simply does not understand and is scared for her partner and team mates. Think about how she must see things. Be calm and explain.

"Miss Burns," Ratchet said softly, his face losing its harshness as he knelt down to get more to her eye level. It only made the young woman glare harder at him. She looked about ready to strike him if he tried to come any closer to the helicopter. If anything, Ratchet had to admire her tenacity and undying loyalty to her partner. "This is nothing of the sort. Look at your team mates. They are in need. They are in pain. I understand this is difficult for you to comprehend. Our ways are very different to yours, but this is a fundamental part of our life cycles and has been happening for millions of years. I understand that this all may seem strange and unsettling."

"You could say that." Dani ground out.

“But for us, it is just a completely natural process. You have creatures on your world that go through something similar. You would not judge them for their nature, would you?”

“They’re animals! They aren’t self-aware!” She shot back.

“I’ll give you that, but nevertheless, it is part of who we are. We all go through this regularly in our life time. My self, Bumblebee-”

“Even Optimus?” Kade piped up from across the room. The medic cast an optic back at the red head.

“Yes, even great Primes can not escape the grip of a heat cycle. This process is taken VERY seriously among my people.”

“I bet it is. The chance to take advantage of someone when they are at their most weak and vulnerable.” Dani hissed sourly.

“Not at all. It is the complete opposite. It’s seen as a sacred and honoured duty to assist a bot in need. It is our duty to take care and protect them from those that WOULD do them harm. There are procedures and social protocols for this. Even prisoners of war, on both sides, have been treated with compassion, love and care when their times have come. I, as a Doctor, would not allow ANYONE near them if I had even the slightest fear that they would be taken advantage of or hurt by a potential partner. It is my duty to care for their wellbeing as well as their physical health.” Ratchet tried to explain, but the young woman still looked unconvinced.

“If there was another way to help them, I would gladly give it. But they are too far along, the charges are already starting to reach worrying levels. This is honestly the best thing we can do for them. At Omega base we have enough space and bodies so they can have a pair of bots each to take care of them for as long as they need.”

“Two?” Kade spoke up again. Curiosity peeked as he tried to wrap his brain around what was being said. “They... they get two people to... um...” The young man twiddled his fingers, unable to finish the question, but the old mech understood anyway. “At the same time?”

“It is not uncommon for un-bonded mechs or femms to have multiple

partners during heats. Three to four is regarded as quite a sensible setup, but as our numbers are so few, two is the best we can offer them. A Cybertronian in heat is insatiable and when not in recharge will require constant attendance. It's down to those assisting too care and tend to every and all needs a bot in heat may have. Providing fuel, keeping them clean. Giving companionship while providing a safe and comfortable environment." Ratchet returned his gaze to the human woman.

"In truth, Miss Burns, we Cybertronians tend to enjoy our heats. As we get rather spoiled and pampered. The whole situation right now is just the result of some unfortunate timing and circumstance. You never should have had to see them like this before they could properly arrange partners for themselves. Now, as their doctor, I am charged with the responsibility of making sure they are all safe and taken care of. What I am trying to convey is, that regardless of what you may think; neither myself, Optimus's or anyone under his command would never dream of doing anything to hurt them or violate them."

"I don't care how sweetly you put it, Doctor," Dani said, practically spitting out his title. "You are not going to convince me that what you wanna do is some grand display of altruistic bullshit and that's it's not anything less than an accepted form of violation." The woman said venomously. Silence descended in the room. Ratchet vented heavily, realising that no matter what he said, Dani would likely not accept any reason or explanation he could offer. At this moment in time, she was far to angry and afraid for her team mates safety to have this discussion with a rational mind.

"How long does this heat last?" Chief broke in, wanting to break up the stalemate. They were getting nowhere. The bots were in trouble and this cultural misunderstanding was something they would have to address later. Right now he needed to do what was best for his team. Even if it meant going against his highly held ingrained sense of propriety and upset his daughter in the short term. "It differs from bot to bot," Ratchet said as he stood. "But typically, about a week or so for the heat fever to brake."

“A week?!” Graham spluttered. The young man felt a head ach already forming in his temples. He thought about all the chaos that was going to happen without the bots there to back them up.

“I am afraid so, as they are not bonded and merging will not take place. It will take longer. I suggest that you make arrangements; you’ll be without them for some time till this passes.” Ratchet explained. The humans didn’t know what any of that meant, but they were all too overwhelmed with the whole situation as it was to ask more questions.

“Ugggggh! My heads spinning...” Kade groaned, rubbing his face as he scowled up at the white and red mech. “So... to go over this one more time, just so I understand what the heck is happening here.... Our bots have gone into heat like randy alley cats, and your gonna take them back to your place where your team will be... tag teaming and screw them till they stop being horny. Because if you don’t, they’ll fry their brains and die from a deadly energy charge.”

“Crude but essentially, yes.” Ratchet nodded.

“oh... good so I did understand correctly...” the fireman’s shoulders slumped as he scrubbed at his face again. Wondering if he was going to ever be able to look Heatwave or any of the other bots in the face again.

“Are you sure this is the only way?” Graham asked, the concern in his voice clear. The young man reminded the medic a lot of Raf and the old bot offered the engineer a gentle smile.

“This has been our way since out species began... Which was hundreds of millennia ago...”

“Very well then,” Chief Burns said with a heavy sigh. “Do what you have to, Doctor. We’ll follow your lead.”

“Wha-Dad?! NO!” Dani cried out, her dark eye’s broadcasting clearly how betrayed she felt.

“Dani, sweetheart.” The older human said in a gentle fatherly tone. “I know this is difficult... but we are in way over our heads. This is alien biology or- technology or- whatever it is... We have to trust that Ratchet knows what’s best for them.”

Dani was lost for words, she looked between her father and her brothers, seeing that they were clearly all thinking the same way. Dani was outnumbered and she felt utterly helpless, knowing she couldn't help her partner or friends. Frustrated hurt tears welling up in her eyes and she clenched her fists.

"Fine. But just so you know, I think this is wrong and I don't like this!" She scowled, shooting an almost murderous glare at Ratchet before returning her attention back to the helicopter. Whispering apologies and soft words of comfort.

A few scant moments later Ratchet was alerted to a call on his internal comm. With a raised servo he answered it with a curt acknowledgement. It was Ultra Magnus, the efficient mech informing him that everything was ready and that the base and its occupants were ready for their honoured guests.

"Chief burns, our preparations are all in order. With your permission, we can get these bots the help they need." The medic said.

"Go ahead, Ratchet." Ratchet nodded and spoke through his comm.

"Open a bridge, Magnus and send the first group to collect their charge."

Bees and Jacks

Chapter Summary

The first two members of team Prime come to collect their charges

Chapter Notes

hay guys!

thank you all so much for all the positive and wonderful feedback!

you have no idea how much it means!

it just blows me away at how nice you all are!

The bright green vortex opened up again with an ear splitting crack and whoop... and seconds later out came one very recognizable bot.

“Bumblebee!” Dani cried out, happy to see the other Autobot, but her trepidation around the reason why he was here soured her good feelings towards him. How could someone as lovely and kind as Bee be any part of this whole sordid affair, she thought.

The yellow scout took in the sight of the four incapacitated rescue bot’s and their worried human family. The mech’s faceplates pulled into an expression of extreme concern as he beeped something rapidly at Ratchet. Even though there were no words, he sounded clearly distressed. The medic simply nodded at him.

“Yes, don’t worry, we still have plenty of time before it’s too serious.” Ratchet inclined his helm over to the helicopter. “If you would be so kind as to take Blades.” The muscle car mech wasted no time and strode quickly to the distressed flyer. The scout’s blue optics were soft as he looked at the poor helicopter. Stooping down, Bee gently raised a servo and stroked one orange head fin tenderly. His normal beeps and whirrs changed to soothing clicks and chirps. Blades

seemed to instantly relax as the other mech neared, some of the tension released from his frame as he lent up into the gentle touch.

“B-bu-mble-bee?” The flyers speech was garbled with static. His dark servo left Dani’s leg to reach up and grasp the other Cybertronians hand. The yellow mech beeped softly at him, then gently gathered the weakened helicopter in his arms, helping him to his peds. Blades clung to the scout like a life line, still whimpering softly. The yellow bot gently nuzzled the rescue bots face in a surprisingly affectionate gesture. Bumblebee churred almost musically at him before looking down at Dani and beeping quickly at her.

“He said not to worry, that he and Smokescreen will take good care of him.” Ratchet said softly. Bee nodding to confirm the statement as true.

“Easier said than done.” Dani said, her expression speaking volumes. Telling the scout without words that she was very unhappy and that if anything happened to her partner, there would be hell to pay.

“Go now, and send the next through.” Ratchet ordered the scout.

“Time is wasting.” With one last apologetic look at Dani and what the humans guessed was a ‘I’ll bring him back safe.’ The yellow muscle car carefully walked the helicopter to the swirling green portal. No sooner had the pair disappeared into the energy field, another form came through, this time one no one recognized.

He was about the same size as Ratchet and had white plating as well, but his was decorated with green and red details. He had a crest and impressive grey helm fins either side of his face, which was surly, with deep scars over his smirking mouth. He held himself with the confidence of a battle hardened soldier, an almost arrogant swagger to his walk. This mech did not give off the same friendly air as their beloved partners. The bot regarded the organic team with a cool look and slight inclination of his helm before turning his attention to the medic.

“Reporting for duty, doc.” He said with a smile, giving the medic a cocky salute. His voice was smooth, and his tone was low and border lining on sultry. His definitely had a voice that would make any audio book enjoyable and captivating to listen to. “So who’s the lucky bot me and Bulk get to Pamper?”

“You shall be tending to Boulder.” Ratchet said checking on Chases vitals. The finned bot looked around briefly.

“Which is not that helpful?” he commented dryly, folding his arms.

“The green one,” Ratchet snapped. “Hurry up will you! These poor mechs are suffering!” The new mechs hands went up in defence.

“Okay, Okay, don’t get your wires in knot, Sunshine.” He chuckled, then waved the doctor off. The affectionate nickname clearly name making Ratchet bristle in irritation. “Primus, these bots are so young.” The new mech muttered as he looked around.

The cocky attitude disappeared somewhat as approached the bulldozer, kneeling down almost silently by Boulders side. The green bot was still completely dazed and continued to be utterly unresponsive even in the other Autobots presents. The finned mech smiled brightly and placed a gentle servo on Boulders arm. He started to stroke the grey treads tenderly with his thumb as he spoke.

“Hay there, Sweet spark. The names Wheeljack, but you can call me Jackkie if ya like. Now tell me, what’s a cute thing like you doing lying on the floor, hun?” Boulder said nothing, but his bright optics shifted to look at and focus solely on the mech beside him. The green bulldozer looked utterly lost and desperate. Undeterred, the sword mech just flashed him another charming smile. “So, how’s about you come with me? I have a very big berth an’ someone who would just love to meet ya? His names Bulkhead, and he is the biggest softie you will ever meet. We’d like to help you. Will you let us take care of you?” He asked softly, taking the fevered mechs hand in his.

Again, Boulder said nothing, but he did manage to nod tiredly, suddenly looking relieved. Wheeljack smiled widely and raised the servo to his scared lips and, to the surprise to the humans, kissed the Rescue bots fingers tenderly.

“Thata mech, Com’on then.” Wheeljack said as he hoisted the bulldozer up. Slinging one of Boulders arm around his shoulders. “Bulk and I are gonna make you feel so much better. I promise.” “Wait!” Graham cried out, panic and fear raising in his gut. It made the green and red detailed bot just sigh in what sounded like annoyance.

“What is it kid? Unless you’ve not noticed, I’m trying to help here. Bots in a bad way.” He said mater-of-factly. The spectacle wearer shifted on the spot under the larger beings stern gaze.

“I know, it’s just... He’s my partner and I... just...I...” The young engineers let out a frustrated sigh as he collected his thought to say what he wanted. “Just...Please... take care of him.” Graham spoke up with imploring eye’s. The mech named Wheeljack regarded him for a moment before letting a small smile tug at his gouged lips.

“Don’t worry kid, we will... He’s going to be safe with us, you have my word. He’ll be back before you know it.” The wrecker assured him. With that they made their way over steadily and slowly over to the Ground bridge. Boulder and Wheeljack disappearing in a bright flash.

The next member of team Prime came through only a few moments later.

Motorbikes and Primes

Chapter Summary

the last two Rescue Bots get picked up by Team Prime

Chapter Notes

hay guys!

sorry for the gap.... shites been going down and well....shrug:
life...

so many hugs to you all for all the lovely stuff and feedback!
you're all super stars in my book XXX

The next Autobot was another surprise for the Burns family, because this bot was quite strikingly... female. Or at least, quite Female looking.

She was a lot smaller than any mech they had ever met, yet she still towered above the humans. She was slender, long limed and fast looking. Her armour a deep blue with bright pink highlights around her silver face. Quickly the newcomer glanced around to take in her surroundings, acknowledging the small group of humans with small smile.

“Burns family, My Name is Arcee,” She spoke, her voice sounding very much female. “I wish we could have met under better circumstances.” They all got the feeling she was quite high ranking within the Autobots, she held herself with almost as much authority as the Doctor.

“As do we all.” The Chief said sombrely, he rested a gentle hand on his partner trying to offer him some comfort, though it clearly did little to nothing.

“Ratchet, who’s my charge?” The femm asked, wasting no more time. “Your taking Chase.” The medic instructed as he took more scans of the Fire truck. Then added as an afterthought. “The blue one.”

Arcee nodded and made her way over to the still incoherently muttering police bot. She took note of the grey haired older human who had spoken to her, he was speaking gentle reassurance's to the hurting mech. The worry and concern on his face was truly touching. Humans were capable of such great empathy and able to give boundlessly affection and caring to others. It was an endearing quality others species in the universe would benefit from, she thought.

“Are you his partner?” The blue femm asked the Chief as she knelt before Chase.

“Yes ma’am... his very worried and fretting partner.” The older human answered.

“Please try not to,” Arcee said gently, with a reassuring and kindly smile. “This is just something that happens to us, we all go through it. You really have nothing to worry about. He will be seen to with love and compassion. You have my word.”

Arcee now turned her full attention to Chase. Her small delicate looking servos ran over his plating as she spoke to him in their native tongue. Seeing as the rescue bot had reverted back to it, she thought it might help them connect better. Her bet was on the money as Chase finely looked up into the femm bots optics. His amber optics very bright and unfocused. The motorbike cupped his face and smiled softly. She leant forward and placed gentle kisses on his cheeks as she spoke words the humans could not fathom.

The police bot groaned, somewhat miserably to the humans ears, pitched forward and rested his helm in the crook of her neck. One arm coming round to ensnare her tiny frame. She wrapped her arms around his helm in a hug and continued to speak gently, saying something that possibly sound like a question. In response Chase shuddered, nodded and stroked gently along her back.

“Ratch? Could you help me get him to his peds?” Arcee called out.

“Before this gets any more awkward for our human friends?”

“Of course.” The medic left Heatwave and proceeded to help the small femm bot get the Blue mech to his unsteady feet. Chase let out another low groan and held his helm, his denta gritted. He muttered

something darkly that clearly amused both Arcee and Ratchet. But neither elaborated for the organics in the room.

Taking his servos in hers, Arcee smiled and led Chase over to the ground bridge, Ratchet at his side for extra support. He was wobbly on his peds, stumbling and almost losing his balance a few times but Arcee and the medic was there to steady when needed. As they got close, Ratchet stopped, giving the blue femm a look, silently asking if she could manage from here. She nodded an affirmative and walked the Police bot through the green energy portal unaided.

“Is she going to be alright?” Chief asked, once they had both disappeared. Concern filled his voice.

“Why wouldn’t she be?” Ratchet countered with a raised eyebrow ridge.

“I’m jus- I’m a little worried that Chase might... crush her... or something...” Chief said quietly, a light red creeping on his cheeks. Wondering how such a small bot could handle someone twice her size in any setting, let alone an intimate one. The Burns family were shocked when the medic actually let out a bark of laughter, before quickly re-composing himself.

“Believe me, Arcee can handle herself just fine.” Ratchet said to the chief, returning to his last patient. The slight smirk on his lined silver face seemed to hold more secrets than a FBI mainframe. “Besides, they also have Magnus to help out and he’s the same size as Optimus.” The medic said offhandedly. “You don’t need to worry.” The Chief wasn’t sure if he felt better or worse after finding that information out. Now he was worry about Chase for a whole new reason...

All that was left in the bunker was Heatwave, who was still shaking uncontrollably and whimpering pathetically from beneath his servos. Kade was flitting around his partner like an anxious puppy, not being able to settle or stay still while his bot was in such dire need of help. His face not knowing whether to settle on being angry, annoyed or concerned. He was still seething at how the medic had touched Heatwave and gave the medic a not so subtle stink eye. To which the red and white mech only rolled his turquoise optics and ignored the

grumpy human firefighter.

The now recognizable sound of crackling energy alerted everyone that someone else had come through the ground bridge. The Burns family were surprised yet also somewhat comforted to see the impressive and regal form of Optimus Prime now standing over them.

"Optimus." The chief called up, sounding relieved to see the Autobot leader.

"Chief Burns." The Prime acknowledged, his kindly face one of sincere apology. "I am truly sorry you've all had to see your teammates in such distress, but sometimes nature likes to make things... awkward."

"Is everything ready?" Ratchet asked from the Fire trucks side.

"Everyone prepared?"

"Yes Old friend, preparations and provisions have all been arranged. The others have been notified to stay away from the base for the time being."

"Good, the last thing I want to do is to try and explain to human teenagers what a heat cycle is. It was hard enough with the Burns's." Ratchet groused, shooting Dani a weary look. She just glared death back, wanting so much to challenge and fight what was happening to their teammates. But this whole situation was just so... alien.

The large Prime went to the last remaining Rescue bots side, taking a knee to the opposite side to the doctor. The Red and blue armoured bot, looked down at the younger mech, a gentle expression on his handsome face.

"Heatwave?" He called softly. "Can you hear me?"

"Op-Opti-mus... The others..." The Fire truck panted, sounding like he was in so much pain. "The... my- team...? Couldn't... stop... Relieve..."

"Ssssh, Heatwave. Calm yourself." The Prime said soothingly, placing a comforting servo on his chest. The touch made the smaller bot gasp and shudder. "The others are being well looked after. They are in no danger and are safe. With partners that will nurture them and tend to their needs. I promise you this." At that declaration, some of the tension left his frame.

“G-goo-d...” The Red fire truck sighed in relief. “Goo-od.”
“Now, Then... Will you allow Ratchet and I to care for you?”

That was a shock to the family. None of them had thought that the medic would participate let alone had even considered that Optimus himself would take part in this thing. But then Ratchet had said that their numbers were so few their choice of partners was limited. They guessed it was a case of needs must. Yet it still sat strangely for all of the organics present.

“You...? Bo-th?” Heatwave stammered out, removing his servos from his face. But only just enough to peek out to look at the two older mechs. Optimus nodded with a gentle and warm smile as he spoke. “Yes, we are yours if you desire it. It would be our honour to help you at this time.” Ratchet’s stony face and harsh optics also softened as he took the fire truck’s servo away from his face and into his own. He raised it to his lips and kissed his knuckles gently, the grouchy mech offering the younger mech a reassuring smile. An almost violent shudder went through Heatwave’s body as his engine roared. His fans revving into high gear as they flushed boiling hot air out of his charhged frame.

“I think we can take that as a yes.” Ratchet said with a slight chuckle. “I believe so.” Optimus hummed.
“Can you carry him?” The medic asked. “I don’t think he’s going to be able to get to his peds.” Optimus nodded and with a little help from the medic scooped Heatwave into his strong arms. The rescue bot murmured softly and rested his helm against the prime’s chest. But he didn’t seem to want to let go of Ratchet’s servo, only holding it tighter. “Do not worry young one,” Ratchet soothed, rubbing his thumb over the Fire bot’s servos. “I’m not going anywhere. We’ll soon be able to make you feel better.”

Optimus looked down at the gathered human family that had taken his people in and accepted them as part of not only their team, but as part of their family. The Prime could see just how much they truly cared for the Rescue team, and how much they worried for them. He took in their distraught faces with a twist in his spark, wishing he’d

had the foresight to pre-warned them about this or had more time to ease their worries. Unfortunately, questions and explanations would have to wait as the matter at hand was more pressing.

“We shall bid you fair well Burns family. As soon as their heats have broken, they shall return to you.” Optimus assured them.

“Optimus.” Chief Burns begun... but struggled to find the words to say. In the end he sighed deeply and looked up at the alien titan with a serious look. “We’re trusting you with members of our family. Please... Treat them with care.”

“I know this is difficult. But trust in us. Well will take good care of them all.”

“We’re gonna hold you to that.” Dani said lowly. The warning and threat in her voice was not missed by anyone.

With that said, the last of the Cybertronians left through the ground bridge. The sound of snapping energy echoed in the bunker and with another crack and whoop once last time... then the portal closed. Leaving the Burns family alone in the deafening quiet and suddenly cavernous feeling empty room with nothing but turbulent thoughts running through their heads.

Energon and Kisses

Chapter Summary

Smokescreen waits nervously for Bumblebee to return with their charge

Chapter Notes

hey guys!

Apologies for the gap between chapters but, as always, life has gotten in the way.

I started a new job and it been the steepest learning curve of my life!

its really rewarding (i'm helping Doctors remove skin cancers and other nasty dodgy stuff!) but dose require alot of energy and time, doesn't leave much time for writing at the moe

hope you all enjoy this next installment, and i hope to get more out as soon as i can.

stay safe everyone

Smokescreen was fidgety as he waited for Bumblebee. He was in the scout's modest quarters and triple checking the supplies. Making sure that they had everything that Bulkhead and Arcee had listed. Extra Energon rations, cleaning solvents and plenty of cloths, cooling packs, barrels of water, thermo blankets, extra lubrication and an emergency medical kit. He thought some of it was overkill (Smokescreen wasn't sure why they'd needed more lube at a time like this) but he trusted the older bots and bowed to their experience in this matter.

This was a big moment for Smokescreen. He'd never been asked to assist another Cybertronian through a heat before. He'd always been either too young or deemed not responsible enough. Like the rest of team prime, the yellow highlighted, blue mech was understandably surprised, when Ratchet had been called away so suddenly on an emergency. Only to then come back and informed them all of the dire situation that was happening on Griffin Rock. Smokescreen was caught completely off guard when Ratchet was allocating partners and asked if he could help Bee with one of the Rescue team.

The racer was stunned and it took him a few moments to wrap his brain module around what he was being asked to do. Needless to say, he jumped at the opportunity. It was a sign that Ratchet trusted him and thought he was mature enough to handle this sensitive issue. At least, he hoped so. Smokescreen worried his lip plate between his denta, he really hoped he wasn't asked just because there was so few of them.

Smokescreens door wings twitched as he begun pacing the room again. Nerves fluttering in his tanks like agitated insectacons. He hoped he would be good enough to satisfy the heat driven mech. Yes, Smokey wanted to prove to Optimus, Ratchet and the others that he was just as capable and that he could be relied upon for something this important; but he also didn't want to turn out a sub-parr performance and forever been seen as an unsatisfactory partner. It was now his job to give the Heat fevered Mech everything and anything he wanted or craved. But having only had a few brief sexual encounters himself to call upon for reference.... He was worried he wouldn't be any good.

The one saving grace was that he would have Bumblebee to help out and show him the way. But that thought twisted in the young mechs mind, making him fret even more. How stupid he'd look in front of the scout if he couldn't even please a mech out of his brain box in heat. Smokey dragged a servo over his face, that would be the worst type of shame.

Smokescreen had never met the Rescue Bots, but had heard all about them. Bumblebee had been on a few missions with them, Optimus had even often gone to their island home to see them. He understood why they weren't with them at Omega base. As desperate as the Autobots were for bodies to help fight on the front lines, Optimus was adamant to keep them as far from battle as he could.

Without being disrespectful, the truth was, even the most rooky vhiecon would likely be able to tear them to pieces in mere minutes. The Rescue Bots were just not prepared for the war they now found themselves in. They had not lived through it or been hardened by it. They had not survived it like they had. Not seen the destruction or the horrors of 4 million years of civil war had wrought upon their people. They were innocent civilians, not warriors. Optimus, in good conscious not drag them into a battle they had no hope of surviving.

They may not be warriors, but Smokey knew they were brave and courageous in their own right. Before the war, Rescue Bot teams were

well known throughout the galaxies for their selflessness and heroic deeds. How they would help all who needed it. This Earth bound team was clearly just as capable as the ones from millennia passed. Some of the stories Bee and Optimus had brought back had been both outstanding and downright hilarious. Floating crustaceans? Shrink rays? Killer lawn mowers?! And human made volcanos? And the fact that humans didn't mind having giant robots walking around, it made where they lived sound like so much fun! Smokey wondered if after this, Optimus would let him go visit?

The elite guards spark jumped when he heard the door open and he looked up. There was the scout with their charge, who clung to the yellow mech tightly. Smokescreens door wings perked up, standing to attention, his mouth dropping open as he looked the heat driven bot over.

The mech had a broad, rounded chest but beautiful slender waist and legs. He was mostly white and highlighted in a lovely light orange. On his back Smokey could see the long delicate wing blades of his helicopter alt form. This was the one they were too look after? The unbelievably cute helicopter that Bumblebee had often talked about... The one who Bee had a picture of by his berth? Smokescreen couldn't help the heat that started to build in his own frame.

//His name is Blades// Bumblebee beeped as he maneuvered the mech onto his berth, the Rescue bot was very reluctant to let him go, so Bee sat on the edge with him. Blades just continued to rest against him, whimpering and pawing at his chest. //He's a bit out of it right now, so don't expect him to talk much.//

"Blades." Smokescreen repeated, unable to take his optics off the rescue bot. Even his name was beautiful. "Ugh, Bulkhead said we need to make sure he refuels regularly. He said we best try and get him to have some before we... ya'know...." He trailed off, feeling another rush of heat to his face... and other parts. Bee just nodded as he petted the other mech gently.

//Right... hand me a cube.//

Smokescreen popped open a fresh cube of Energon and brought it over to the pair. The blue and white mech crouched down on the floor as he gave the scout the container. He looked up to see Blades looking back at him. There was a curious expression on his brow, his optics far too bright and his gaze was more than a little dazed.

“Oh wow... Look at those optics,” The elite guards mech said with a little awe, “Their so pretty...” He was captivated by the luminous warm amber optics set in such dark housings. Making them look like two suns burning in the blackness of space. It was an old style design that went out of fashion long before the war had started, but they were undeniably stunning to behold.

//They are aren't they...// Bumblebee beeped, even without words there was an affectionate softness in his tones. Smokey smiled up at the white and orange bot, placing a gentle servo on his knee.

“Hi there, Blades. My names Smokescreen. I'm here to look after you for as long as you need me.” The young blue mech said. The Helicopter said nothing, but he did wet his lip plates in such a delightful way that made Smokey's door wings flutter. Maybe it was the younger mechs imagination, but he thought he saw Blades optics shift over his face and frame in a very hungry looking way. Bumblebee took the cube and offered it to the rescue bot. But Blades just turned his head, seemingly uninterested in refuelling and nuzzled into the yellow mechs embrace, seeking comfort.

//Aww... cum'on Blades. We need you to have some fuel before we start.// Bee beeped encouragingly, but the helicopter just whined and buried his face in the scouts neck cables. Bumblebee puffed a loud sigh. //Grate, how are we supposed to get him to drink it? I don't want to go any further without him having had something. But I don't wanna force him... Don't suppose Arcee or Bulk gave you any tips for this situation?//

“No. Didn't think to ask but... I may have an idea.” Smokescreen said, door wings perking up as he took the cube from his friend and sat on the other side of the Rescue bot.

“Hay Blades.” The blue mech coaxed the helicopter to look at him with a gentle servo. Blades whined but rolled his helm round to look at him. Smokescreen smiled at the gorgeous mech, licking his lips as nerves bubbled up inside him. He had no idea if this would work or just end up a messy disaster.

Smokescreen took a generous sip of Energon and held the warm liquid fuel in his mouth. He steadied the helicopters chin and lent over. Gently, Smokey kissed the rescue bot. The heat driven mech responded immediately, deepened the contact without a second thought. Smokescreen let the Energon he held flow into the other Autobots open and desperately hungry mouth. Blades hummed

happily, taking the Energon as greedily as he did the kiss. Letting go of Bee to now hold onto the new mech that gave him such sweetness.

//Well that worked!// Bumblebee laughed, //Good job Smokey!// Bee took the cube from his preoccupied team mate while the pair were busy making out, just in case Smokscreen got too carried away, forget what he held and dropped it over the floor. Bee had a small sip of the warm liquid for himself before following Smokescreens example. Taking a sizable swig from the cube and holding it behind his glossa. It was now the yellow scouts turn to coax Blades into releasing Smokscreen and look his way. The elite guard looked blissfully dazed when the helicopter pulled away. The scout let out a short huff of amusement, took advantage of the Rescue bots panting open mouth and sealed it with his own.

Bumblebee buzzed softly as he shared his first, sweet, energized kiss with Blades. The Rescue bots lip plates were warm and gentle but oh so hungry. The helicopter fed of the kiss as much as the Energon. The scout placed a gentle servo on the Helicopters chest. The other mechs plating was almost scalding hot, his cooling fans were practically screaming with the effort of trying to regulate his temperature. Bees hand slid slowly round to the rescue Bots back, caressing his rotor housing. The slender propeller blades on his back trembled as they were touched, making Blades whined desperately and grip the scouts plating tight.

The helicopter moaned deeply when he felt another pair of hands sweep up and down his back. Smokescreens dark servos were gentle as they dipped into the seams of Blades hips to tease the delicate wiring beneath. Blades growled as he pulled away from Bumblebee to literally pounce on Smokey. The young mech let out a startled yelp as he was pushed back onto the foam padding of the berth. His blue optics wide as he was quickly straddled by the hot heat driven rescue bot and treated to another deep, demanding kiss.

Blades whimpered and ground his pelvic plating insistently against Smokscreen. It made the blue and yellow bot hiss and grip the Rescue Bots hips to try and slow him down, but the helicopter was far too lost in the throes of heat fever. The white mechs interfacing covers snapped open, no longer being able to control himself now that he clearly had two mechs who wanted to satisfy him. An almost obscene amount of warm lubricant gushed from his valve and onto Smokscreen. Desperate for more, Blades whined needily as his sensitive valve opening slid against the elite guards now hot slick plating.

“I think he really wants something more than kisses.” Smokey ground out between Blades kisses. The rescue bot revved his engines invitingly. The vibrations sending thrills through the younger mechs frame.

//Well that is what we are here for, buddy.// Bee chirped lowly. His optics roaming over the helicopters form and now exposed, dripping arrays. The scout's fans kicking into high gear at the utterly erotic sight and intoxicating smell of a ready and willing mech in heat. The Rescue Bot was just begging to be taken and he was feeling a little guilty at how much he wanted it as well. Bee couldn't help but let his imagination run wild, thinking of all the ways he and Smokescreen could and were going to have him.

Bee got to his peds to stand behind the now gyrating, desperate mech. The yellow bot firmly lifted Blades hips off his friend so his aft was in the air. It had the dual purpose of giving Smokey a bit of a breather from the intense grinding and give Bee better access to the hyped up mechs most sensitive area.

Blades looked back at him, whined in protest, but it quickly turned into a deep lusty, gasping moan as the scouts clever servo rubbed gently against the sodden rubbery lips. Blades gave a breathy cry as Bumblebee dip two digits of his dark servo into the dripping wet opening. The helicopter shuddered, bucked back, instantly rocking his hips to try and have those thick fingers drive deeper. Desperate to have something scratch at that insatiable and maddening itch beneath his plating. Bee let the helicopter writhe there for a moment as he checked on his friend.

//You okay there Smoke?// Bee asked, concerned that his inexperienced team mate was getting overwhelmed. The other mech had confided in him that this was his first time being asked to help out with a heat. Things tended to get intense rather quickly, and he wanted to make sure he was okay to continue. The other mech was venting heavily but he nodded.

“Is it wrong of me to be... enjoying this as much as I am?” The blue mech said softly, a guilty look on his face as he retracted his plating. He let out a relieved sigh as his eager and already slick covered spike sprang free from its housing.

//I sure hope not// Bee beeped softly, letting out a grunt as he too uncovered himself. His own spike, hard and throbbing with anticipation and not a small amount of eagerness at the task that lay

before him. Bumblebee hummed softly, leaning over to nuzzle at the helicopters hip. Taking a brief moment to compose himself before continuing.

Bumblebee just hoped that he and Smokescreen would be good enough to fulfill all of Blades needs... and that what they were about to do, wouldn't affect the dear friendships he had with either of the other two mechs...

Blue Boys and Girl

Chapter Summary

Arcee and Ultra Magnus take care of their charge

Chapter Notes

Whoot, sorry for the delay guys,

with the new job it's been hard to try and find time to sit down and write.

(I work in healthcare so there's that and not to mention having to deal with my ceiling nearly caving in from a leak!)

Hope you all enjoy!

Chase groaned as Arcee moved painfully slow over his straining and aching spike. She was straddled over his hips looking down at him, holding his servos in hers, digits interlaced tightly as the femm slid up and down. Her valve slick, saturated with her own lubricant and previous ejaculations from the Blue and white Rescue Bot. Arcee couldn't help the pleased little sigh that escaped her as she glided almost effortlessly on the younger mechs arrays. Chase filled her smaller fame in just the right way and their bodies made the most filthy, utterly erotic, wet sounds as they interfaced together.

The blue femm took her duty as a companion seriously and would never dream of shirking the responsibility once asked to help. But it certainly made the task so much more enjoyable when the mech was as handsome as the police bot, and who possessed a spike that seemed to just hit all her most pleasurable spot so perfectly. Chase was the perfect length penetrate her satisfyingly deep without being painful and a girth that stretched her wide but did leave her feel like she was being split in two.

Being of a smaller frame type, she often found other Cybertronians equipment more often than not just hurting more that pleasuring.

It also helped that, while in his heat, Chase was rendered quite placid, pliable and very obedient. Not once had he been demanding or aggressive towards them as other bots usually were. Arcee and Magnus learnt quickly that their heat fevered charge took direction well and even better, really liked taking and fulfilling orders. Nothing seemed to revv the Rescue bots engines more then when one of them barked or gave him a stern order. Chase had overloaded on the spot the time Arcee had ordered him to ride Magnus's spike the exact same way she was now doing to him. The Police bot would practically purr in bliss when praised for his exemplary behaviour. It was wonderfully refreshing for Arcee to be with someone she didn't have to worry about getting too rough with her.

Arcee was startled out of her pleasurable daze when Ultra Magnus placed a large, gentle hand on her hip. She stopped her movements and looked back up at the handsome commander with a smile. Magnus gave her a small, rare smile of his own in return before his expression went back to its usual stony countenance. Even at times like this, the bot was all business serious. The giant mech used his other servo to grasp the police bot and spun him round so his aft now hung off the berth. The commander spread the rescue bots legs wide and effortlessly raised Chases hips and Arcee up, exposing the younger mechs sodden and fluttering valve.

The motorbike and car both moaned at the change of position. The new angle causing a whole host of new, wonderful sensations. Maguns hummed approvingly at the sight of the rescue bots glistening opening. Wet ready and eager to be filled. The stern mech had to acknowledge, if only too himself, not even he was immune to the charms and delights of a pretty bot in heat. As much as it was his duty to take care of him, Chase had been a much needed respite after all of the trials and stresses of fighting a seemingly never ending war and coming to earth.

Ultra Magnus was also silently grateful for Ratchets selection of partnered for this task. He had been relieved when the medic paired with Arcee. Not only was she beautiful, but Magnus and Arcee worked well together, their personalities and temperaments melded easily. She was professional and respectable. It made the whole task much more

agreeable. The large didn't think he could of handled being teamed up with one of the younger mechs (or Primus forbid Wheeljack) for something like this.

"It seemed you are once again ready for me Chase." Ultra Magnus said, his deep commanding voice low as he traced a large thumb over the slick and stretched opening.

"Mmmh... y-yes sir!" The police bot stuttered, his hips rocking eagerly against the thick digit, simultaneously bucking up into Arcee and squeezing her servos as tension and anticipation built.

"What do you say, Chase?" The femm asked, swivelling her hips, and grinding down onto the police bots throbbing spike.

"Pl-please sir."

"Please what?" She prompted. Giving another slow rotation, making Chase choke on his own breath

"Please, Ultra Magnus, sir, I want you to frag me." The younger mech whined helplessly.

"Very well then." The large bot said, favouring Chase with a gentle caress down his thigh. "As you asked so nicely."

"Good mech." Arcee praised, leaning forward to place a gentle kiss on the Rescue bots open, panting mouth.

"Thank you, sirs." The mech purred happily, greedily devouring the femms lips.

Chase shuddered, groaning deeply, his engines thrumming as Magnus wasted no time and sunk into him. Plunging deep in one long smooth motion. After so many couplings, the police bot was more than accustomed to the large mechs massive length and girth. Ultra Magnus drove in so far the bulbous head of his spike penetrated deep into the other bots conception tanks. After so many rounds with such a big powerful mech, the normally tight inner valve opening that kept the chamber separate was now lose and pliable. Allowing the commander to sink far deeper into the police bot then any other mech had.

Stretched and fullness that came from Ultra Magnus's spike was blissful. The feeling of the mech spike so deep inside him; and Arcee's deliciously snug, warm and wet valve around his own spike was

almost enough satisfied that insatiable itch that crawled beneath his plating. Almost...

Chase completely lost all rational thought when the big mech and small femm started to move in tandem. Throwing his helm back the Rescue bot could only hold on and let the painful itch subside and be replaced with the most wonderful mind numbing pleasure.

Wreck and Rule

Chapter Summary

Wrecker living up to their name in more then one way

Chapter Notes

Hiya everyone,

sorry this has taken a while to get out. Ever since i started my new job its been really had to find time to write, let alone edit and check things over.

hope you all are still enjoying this

as always, thank you so much for all the Kudos and comments, it really means a lot to me.

The lime green bulldozer groaned as he was stretched out further. He already had Bulkhead's thick rod, deep and snugly inside him. That in itself was utterly blissful; but Wheeljack had been gradually adding his digits alongside his comrade. The white mech already had three wedged in into Boulders tight valve, gently easing them back and forth in gentle slow motions to gradually stretch the pliable valve open. It burned in such a wonderful way. It was too much yet not nearly enough all at once.

Boulder wriggled in delicious frustration on Bulkheads lap, making the big bot growl and hold him tighter in an effort to stop him moving. The large forest green mech had to keep him still, otherwise all his squirming would drive him over the edge far too soon, then all the fun they had planned and their diligent preparation so far would have been wasted. The rescue bots back was pressed against Bulkheads chest. The former Wreckers large but gently servos keeping the younger mechs silver thighs spread wide, giving his old friend clear and easy access to Boulders already stuffed valve and spike.

His cooling fans were humming noisily and this was turning into a real test of Bulkheads self-control. All he really wanted to do was to pound up into the smaller bots perfect little hole and fill him till he

burst. The delightful, soft little sounds Boulder made and the way his valve hugged and fluttered around him as Jackie played and stretched him out was positively maddening. But the big mech knew that a little patient now would be rewarded later. He forced himself to calm down with a few long deep intakes and rested his helm against the smaller mechs, just trying to focus on not losing his mind completely till Jack were ready.

The rescue worker groaned throatily as Wheeljack cleaver fingers alternated between, slow pushes, scissoring and brushing over all the sensitive spots inside him. Boulder panted and gripped Bulkheads arms hard enough to leave dents in the thick armour plating. He'd tried weakly begging for them to just frag him, but the pair of them clearly had other plans. He had a good idea of what direction they were headed and it made his whole frame burn hotter with anticipation... but the frustration of how slow they were being was starting to grate on him.

"Guuuys... Please... that's enough." Boulder vented hard. "Plea-AH!" His protest cut short when the scarred Autobots mouth descended and begun to suckle over Boulders anterior node as he pressed yet another servo inside the heat fevered mech. The bulldozer let out a shriek and shuddered almost violently at the rush of stimulation.

"Uggnh! A little warning next time buddy." Bulkhead ground out a little harshly, his own giant frame quaking with restrained effort, his hips unable to stop the involuntary rocking for a few moments.

"Sorry fellas... couldn't help myself..." Wheeljack chuckled, licking softly at the swollen, glistening, rubbery lips of the smaller mechs stretched opening.

"So... you think you're ready, sweet-spark?" Jack asked with a purr, lapping gently at the node again, enjoying the unique taste of each green mech on his glossa. "I don't know... I think you need a little more attention first." Wheeljack mused, pumped his hand a few times, testing the fit. In truth, it would be safe for them to proceed, but it would be a very tight fit. Yes, the young mech would quickly loosen up as they all got moving, but the wrecker didn't want to cause any unnecessary discomfort if he could help it.

“No-no Please... I can take it.” Boulder ground out, wriggling as much as he could in encouragement. “I want you both... now.” The rescue bot looked at the white mech with such a desperate, pleading look, it broke all of the older mechs resolve. How could he say no to such sweet optics?

“Aww, you are just too adorable for your own good, you know that.” Wheeljack chuckled, leaning up to place a kiss on the bulldozers lips. Boulder let out something that was half way between a laugh and a sob of desperation.

“Your hungry little valve wants to be fed so badly, doesn’t it?” The Wrecker purred against his charges, hot, gasping mouth. “You want us both inside you? Want us to stuff you full and frag you hard till you can’t take any more and overload? Shall we have you choking on our names as we pump you so full of fluid you’re gonna feel like your tank will rupture? We’ll have you, tight and snug around around our spikes, still buried inside you as you leak all over the berth?” Wheeljack teased, his deep, rich voice like warm velvet in the fevered mechs audios. “Does that sound like fun, Cutie?”

Boulder only response was to let his optic roll back and whine, loudly, cooling fans now screaming while he shuddered violently. Jackie thought the young mech was about to overload and pass out from the dirty talk alone. But to his credit, the rescue bot managed to hold onto the shreds of his control and nodded vigorously, muttering softly. “Yes,yes,yes, oh Primus, yes!”

Wheeljack carefully withdrew his slick covered fingers from the other mechs crowded valve. Both Bulkhead and Boulder let out soft, needy sounds at the sensation. The wrecker used his slick covered servos to give his spike a coating of lubricant. Jackie scooted closer to his partners, positioning himself at Boulders already full opening. With one last quick look to Bulkhead to check his friend was ready, Wheeljack took his spike in a steady hand and guided himself into their charge.

The move had all three mechs groaning deeply. Wheeljack pushed himself slowly into the other mech valve, sliding in alongside Bulkheads impressive thick spike. The white bots denta gritted in concentration, his spike (which was by no means small) only just barely fitting next to his giant friend in the tight channel. The tightness was almost too much for them all. Wheeljack relentlessly drove his way in till he was almost completely sheathed inside the younger Autobot with a strained grunt.

Boulder shuddered in bliss at the wonderful feeling, his valve clamping down hungrily around it's welcome intruders. He grinned to himself in something close to delirium at the exquisite sensation of being so utterly full. The sharp breathy gasps he drew for the two older mechs only driving him further into a lustful haze. He couldn't wait to feel what it would be like to have them both overload inside him.

"Can we move now?" Bulkhead bit out, quiet literally on the edge of madness himself.

"Go for it big guy." Jack grinned, giving a experimental little roll of his own hips.

Boulder quit honestly didn't remember anything after that, except for his world reducing down to nothing but the movement between his legs and the most spectacular fireworks going off in his brain as intense pleasure and delight rocked his frame.

Medic and Prime

Chapter Summary

Heatwave couldn't have asked for better partners.

Chapter Notes

lol, sorry for the big gap.

work is heavy going ATM. and i kind of gotten caught up in a new fandom (coughstarwarsclonewarscough) and its kinda taken over my brain a little. so many clone feelings. T_T

Thanks for being patient though.

as always, much love to all the hits, kudos and comments, they get me through the long days. XO

“Oh Primus, yeesss...” Ratchet groaned, panting hard. The old mechs fans running fast as the Fire truck continued to devour the medics valve like it was his last meal. Hot wet glossa delving deep and writhing hard against his outer node. His strong servos pinning Ratchets white thighs open against the berth.

It had started out so innocently, the old medic had been trying to clean the Rescue bot up a little. The young mech had been dozing peacefully after his 5th overload of the day and after so many, Heatwave was covered in fluid. He was getting unpleasantly tacky. So while Optimus took a moment to relax and have some Energon, Ratchet set about gently spraying the heat fevered mech with cooled solvent. The medic hummed gently to himself as he run a wet cleaning cloth over the mechs hot plating, removing the residue of their interfacing.

Optimus had been peacefully decompressing in a chair, letting his mind drift and wander, only to be shook back into the moment. Alarmed by the surprised, panicked yelp from his medic. But the Primes concern quickly melted into amusement upon seeing what the youngster had done to cause the outburst. Heatwaves engines were revving loudly, he'd managed to flip the doctor onto the berth and

had started to ravish him mercilessly.

Ratchet had begun to grumpily protest, but the objections didn't go on for too long when the fire Trucks hungry, hot mouth found its way to the medics still uncovered opening. The older bot was left shuddering in delight as the youngers thick and clever glossa eagerly explored every inch of him. Heatwaves engines rumbling deeply in contentment as he feasted.

Usually, Cybertronians in heat only wanted to get fragged, as the inbuilt base coding and primary function of the fever was for procreation. The desired result being that the afflicted mech would end up carrying. But sometimes, the coding could extend to a desire to frag others and drive them to want to sire as well. Optimus and Ratchet had quickly found out that Heatwave was clearly one of those bots that wanted it both ways.

The Prime sat and watched the seen before him for a long while. Slowly sipping at his cube. Optimus had to admit... Seeing his old friend and long time berth mate being absolutely ravaged by someone other than himself was... Incredibly erotic. The fact that it was Heatwave made it all the more enticing.

Optimus had a great fondness for Heatwave. He was brave, courageous, a born leader and Kind of spark. Even though the rescue Bot could be a little reluctant to bend, compromise or adapt at times... Optimus saw much untapped potential in the young mech... Perhaps even Prime candidacy if anything should ever happen to himself.

Optimus shook his helm, dismissing those grim thoughts. Now was not the time to be thinking of such things. The Autobot leader put down his cube and meandered over to the berth

Optimus came up behind the fire truck, gracefully getting onto the

padding and let is large servos slide over the other mechs hot plating. Heatwave wriggling under his touch, moaning deeply into the medic's valve. The intense vibrations made Ratchet shudder, gasping in pleasure. The Prime, smiled softly and lent forward, whispering in low, sultry, tones into the Rescue worker's audio

"Now that you have him so wet and eager... You should take advantage of it. Why don't you take Ratchet while I take you?" Optimus suggested with a hum. Both Heatwave's and the medics engines rumbled in delight. Cleary, equally more than happy with the suggestion. Immediately, the rescue bot left the older mechs valve to crawl up and position himself over him.

Heatwave growled in blissful satisfaction as he pushed into Ratchet. There was little resistance as the medic was incredibly slick form the fire trucks teasing and having already been worked over a few times that day. Ratchet let out a soft sigh at the now familiar stretch, his servos raising to stroke gently along the fevered mechs plating.

"That's it sweet-spark." Ratchet murmured against the younger mechs lip plates as Heatwave immediately began thrusting deep and hard into the willing white mechs inviting body. "You feel so good. You frag me so well..."

Ratchet was so caught up in the delicious friction that he missed Optimus moving unto position behind the rescue bot. The medic was once again caught off guard and let out a loud 'oofh!' as he suddenly had the weight of both a fire truck and a Peterbilt bearing down on him. The medic was left dazed and briefly wondering just who was getting the most benefit out of the whole scenario. Primus forgive him, He was enjoying this far too much to be considered a detached professional by this point...

Heatwave for his part felt like he was falling apart. Moaning deeply at the feeling of Ratchets snug, slick, warmth around him while having Optimus impressive girth and length stretch and fill him to the point

of making his optics fritz.

He couldn't imagine any better place to be in the universe than in-between these two incredible mechs...

It only got better when they started to move...

Adieu

Chapter Summary

The teams heats brake and its time for them to return back to the island

Chapter Notes

my god, i can only say sorry for the length between updates...

i can only blame life, work and other shite got on.

am really going to try and get the last chapters out asap, so please bare with.

all your lovely comments and kudos have been much loved and appreciated X

It'd been just over a week since the four Rescue Bots had been taken to Omega base.

Gradually, their frames cooled and their uncontrollable reproductive needs lessened. One by one, the emergency response team heats broke. By the end of the second week, Ratchet had deemed them all fit and healthy enough to return to Griffin Rock and resume their regular duties. As much enjoyment as the four mechs had with Team Prime, they were all eager to return to their home and reunite with their human partners.

Knowing how chaotic the little island could get, the Rescue Team could only imagine just what awaited for them when they eventually got back.

"We can't thank you all enough for what you've done for us. You all really saved our afts." Heatwave said as they all gathered in the silo main hanger to bid their goodbyes.

"Hay, with afts as cute as those, how could we not." Wheeljack chuckled. Bulkhead jabbed him with an elbow for his rudeness, but

only half-heartedly. The scarred wreckers comment getting a few optic rolls from some and sniggers from others.

“We are all glad we could assist you in your time of need.” Optimus smiled benevolently, looking down fondly at the smaller mechs. “I believe it has also been greatly beneficial for us, as well. Reminding us that there is more to this life than just survival and war.” The Prime said, looking around at his own team. They all looked so much more relaxed and happy. He could feel it radiating in the EM fields that filled the room. Even Ratchet and Magnus seemed more at ease.

This little unexpected emergency had been a blessing in disguise. A welcome respite for everyone involved. After so much pain and fighting, it was a reminder to them all there was still joy, love and tenderness to be had in the universe. Even if it were only fleeting and physical.

“Now, you all don’t be strangers.” Wheeljack grinned again. “You know where we are if you guys ever wanna hook up again.”

“Same goes for you! You ever wanna come by and... hang out.” Boulder smiled back with a flirty little wink.

“Oh, I am so coming by!” Smokescreens smile brightly, practically bouncing on the spot, door wings fluttering. “I wanna see the fake Volcano and flying lobsters!”

“I hope that’s not all you wanna come see.” Blades giggled, making the young elite guard blush deeply.

“I’m not getting a response from Griffin Rock.” Ratchet said with a frown drawing everyone’s attention as he looked at his control panels. Sadly the news, breaking the bright cheerful mood they had and bringing them all back to reality. “I’m going to access the monitoring units to see if I can find out what’s happening.” A few taps later, he was logged into the island security camera system. Flicking through the different views to try and find out what was going on.

“I didn’t know you could do that.” Heatwave said, sounding suitably

surprised.

“We like to check in every now and then to see what’s going on.”

Arcee shrugged as the medic continued to try to find the human Responder team.

“How-How often do you guys watch us?” Blades asked, feeling paranoia creeping into his circuits.

The question wasn’t answered as the screens were suddenly filled with activity. The noise of shouted orders and screams and cries of terrified humans filled the room. All of the Cybertronians taking in the sudden chaotic emergency that was playing out in front of them. People stuck on a building that looked to be collapsing, a fire raging and a terrified crowd of people scattered around the dangerous area.

“No wonder no one’s answering, they seem to have their hands full.”

Ratchet said, focusing the camera on one area.

“KADE!” Heatwave cried out, seeing his brave but foolish human; covered in dirt and soot desperately trying to tackle the out of control fire. The feed cutting out as the camera fizzled out from the extreme heat.

“We must return before the situation becomes more serious.” Chase said urgently.

“Indeed, your human teammates need you.” Prime said urgently, nodding at Ratchet to fire up the ground bridge. Moments later and the vivid white-green light of the transport device filled the room.

“You guys going to be able to handle all that?” Bulkhead asked with a worried frown.

“Don’t worry about us.” The bulldozer reassured the older team. “It’s nothing we haven’t dealt with before.”

“It’s what we’re built for.” Heatwave said with a confident smirk before turning serious. “Rescue bots! Roll to the Rescue!” He cried grandly.

The team wasted no more time, the four mechs transformed. Taking

off into the ground bridge one after the other; engines roaring and sirens blaring, as they disappeared in bright flashes of green light.

“Holy Primus! That is such a cool motivational cry!” Smokescreen yelled out with a huge grin.
//I know right!// Bumblebee bleeped. //It’s awesome! I need to come up with one just as great!//

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